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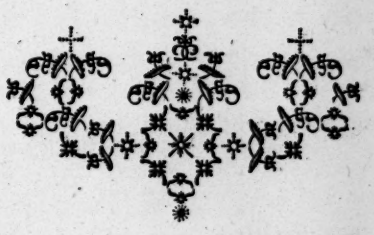
THE

PANTHEON,

A

POEM.



"*There with the giddy Crowd, I'll ſecret blend,*
"*And Vice expoſe, while Virtue I commend.*"

"*Vincit amor patriæ.*" —— VIRG.

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M,DCC,LXXIII.

V13 Pantheon
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1600/1256.

THE

PANTHEON

A

POEM.

NOW, ſultry Sol fatigu'd; his golden ray
Bathes in th' Atlantic wave; and ends the day.
Now, Bucks who breath the Weſtern City's air
Ariſe, and for nocturnal ſun prepare;
Th' apprentic'd Blood, with quick inſtinctive eye,
Now views the ſpot, where his lov'd ſhutters lie;
And the bleſs'd hour, with freedom mark'd to catch,
Oft from its cell, draws forth the tortur'd watch;
Anticipates the joy, he ſoon ſhall know,
And curſes Trade, as pleaſure's greateſt foe.—

Now, the ſpruce Strumpet, deckt in grave moroone,
Slips forth ſubmiſſive to the luſtful town;
Her ſhining viſage, daub'd with red and white,
Seeking the further aid of doubtful light,
At Ludgate's ſummit, takes her uſual ſtand,
And ſpreads contamination round the land.
Beneath a curtain'd hat, her eyes lewd roll,
Darting infectious fires! which ſcorch the ſoul;
Perhaps e'en now—ſucceſsful in her wiles,
Some thoughtleſs victim conquer'd by her ſmiles,
To his pure vernal blood invites a doom,
And hurries hapleſs to an early tomb.—

From City folly, and from City vice,
To more luxurient ſubjects let me riſe—
To the Pantheon's ſcene ſublime I'll ſtray,
Where art and nature form a ſecond day.
There with the giddy tribe I'll ſecret blend,
And vice expoſe, while virtue I commend.—

Gods! what a bright confuſion—what a maze!
Of ſplendid *Folly*, the gay dome diſplays!
In *her* wild dance what varied groupes engage,
Beauty, and youth, deformity and age.
See! through the crowd, conſpicuous from afar,
Yon purple ribband, and yon glitt'ring ſtar!

Not

Not all the tranſports of connubial life—
Nor all the raptures of a beautious wife—
Nor health, whoſe caſual ſtate, muſt fears impart,
To ev'ry virtuous, ev'ry gen'rous heart,
Can Gl----ſ--r, from the gilded ſcene with-hold,
Or ſhield his tender frame from nightly cold;
O did the power of verſe to health extend,
Inceſſant to th' harmonious Nine I'd bend,
Implore their aid, and with balſamic ſong;
The royal Gl----ſ--r's peaceful days prolong.
Beyond the Muſe's ſkill! that bleſſing's given,
By HIM alone; who governs earth and heaven!
By him who heedful of a nation's pray'r
Shall make exalted Gl----ſ--r ſtill his care.

Come SATIRE, help the Muſe, while *Vice* I ſing,
Come virtuous Satire, lend thine honeſt ſting,
Prepare thy rod, prepare thy pointed dart,
And give a wound to each abandon'd heart.
Nor birth, nor power, the Muſe incens'd ſhall fear,
Nor titl'd knaves or proſtitutes, ſhall ſpare.

Vainly oppoſing fourſcore tedious years,
Obſerve old H-----g, in the crowd appears!
On trembling limbs, he takes his doubtful ſtand,
And caſts lacivious leers, on either hand.

With fault'ring tongue, accoſting ev'ry dame,
Or mark'd with beauty, or with loſs of fame;
Obſerve, with what diſdain, yon fair returns,
The icy-love, with which old H-----g burns;
Obſerve with what contempt, ſhe bids him fly,
And at his altar's threſhold proſtrate lye,
Bids him for pity move ſome other ſaint;
And vows his breath is *near to make her faint.*
Yet ſtill with youth old H-----g will engage,
And ſtill remain the laughter of the age.

Behold a group who come to ſtudy law!
T' whom Coke's unknown—who Blackſtone never ſaw;
Who when the dinners of twelve terms are o'er,
Shall be worſe blockheads than they were before;
On the ſmart barber's aid in hopes they live,
Depending, on the knowledge *he* ſhall give:
Nor doubts the Muſe, but juſt their hopes may be,
For impudence, and wig, ſtill *gain the fee.*

Lo! from the barren banks of lazy Tweed,
Where blooms the thiſtle, and ſpontaneous weed,
Where froſt-nipt GENIUS, ſhuns the tranſient day,
And ſeeks the Southern Sun's more genial ray;
Long-winded W--------n, with ſlender face
Intrench'd in curls, purſues his formal pace.—

From the dull pool, to Thames's chearful ſtream,
By famine urg'd, the wily Scotſman came.—
Does any wretch invade a ſtranger's right,
'Gainſt innocence does any ruffian fight,—
Does any wretch impell'd with thirſt of gold,
Britannia's delegated laws with-hold:—
Does any tyrant waſh his hands in blood,
And dare pretend, he ſought his country's good—
When hov'ring vengeance bids for death prepare,
And waves her angry falchion high in air!
T' evade her right, to ſhun a ſhameful end,
Fee well the Scot, and on his lungs depend.
Only obſerve—"the labourer's worth his hire,"
The ROYAL ADVOCATE will never tire.

But, tho' miſchievous gold can purchaſe life,
Unhinge the gibbet—blunt the hangman's knife;
Celeſtial peace, the wretch can never know,
Whoſe tyrant deeds, declare him Mercy's foe;
Not all the wealth which Creſus now commands,
Can cleanſe the fancy'd ſpots which ſtain his hands,
Not all the wealth which India ere poſſeſs'd,
Can eaſe the tortures of his guilty breaſt.
Gloomy, and pale!—deaf to the raptur'd note
Which ſwells harmonious, in yon warbler's throat,

-See Creſus, ſick'ning! quits the mirthful ſhew,
And ſeeks in ſolitude to ſooth his woe.—

A form angelic next attracts my eyes,
Before whoſe ſmiles, envenom'd *Satire* flies,
'Tis Ma-t-ws' Wife a ſelf-enobled dame,
Alike in beauty, and alike in fame.
See! ſoft complacency, and native grace,
Conjoin their powers, to deck her angel face;
See! with what eaſe—what dignity ſhe moves,
Or ſmiles alternate, on the youth ſhe loves;
Thrice! happy youth who can with juſtice boaſt,
A greater treaſure, than the ſultry coaſt
Whoſe yellow ſands, and rich luxurient mold,
Supply the circling world with gems and gold.
When ſacred Milton, breath'd his magic lore,
And bid the world, creation's queen adore;
Juſt ſuch a form, by fancy's perfect aid,
Raptur'd he ſaw, and in his verſe portray'd:
O! that *my* gen'rous Muſe with impulſe ſtrong,
Would guide my verſe, and harmonize my ſong;
In equal ſtrains, of Ma-t-ws' charms I'd ſing,
And ſound her praiſes, to this thoughtleſs ring.
Preſumptive wiſh! and vain, 'twere to aſpire,
Or graſp old Milton's heaven-inſtructed lyre;

Repell'd

Repell'd by fate, I here reſign the ſong,
And ſeek for humbler ſubjects in the throng.—

Obſerve his Rev'rence whoſe pale bloated face,
Denotes both want of ſenſe and want of grace,
Equal to ev'ry act of vice and ſhame,
Which decency forbids the Muſe ſhould name;
Lo, R-----s ſtands, and with unmeaning ſtare!
Or looks lacivious, eyes each paſſing fair.
Come Indignation, raiſe thy ſharpeſt rod,
And ſcourge this wretch, this impious Man of God.
Once on a foreign hoſpitable ſhore,
Compaſſion found him, friendleſs, mean and poor;
An outcaſt then, from his own injur'd land,
And gave him all which friendſhip could demand;
Conceal'd his infamy, from public view;
And vainly thought his vices to ſubdue,
In pity wiſh'd to ſet his follies right,
And vainly ſtrove to waſh the Ethiope white.

With abject caution and with fraudful art,
The wretch conceal'd the *blackneſs* of his heart
Swore in his breaſt a grateful fire ſhould burn,
And ſwore the gen'rous friendſhip he'd return;—
Did ever ſacred friendſhip's ray divine,
In R-----s' baſe ungen'rous boſom ſhine;

Or,

Or, ever virtuous gratitude, impart
One godlike feeling, to his guilty heart?
Tho' in his Coward viſage rage ſhall ſpeak,
Tho' the cold blood ſhall quit his trembling cheek,
Tho' impudence his advocate and aid,
Shall bid him ſtand, nor be of truth afraid;
Still muſt he own his falſehood to his friend,
Nor dare 'gainſt ſacred truth, his cauſe defend,
Does *young Repentance*, want his rev'rence' care?
To Haddock's, young Repentance muſt repair;
Should any wiſh, to ſee his Rev'rence ſhine!
Subverting goſpel and diſgorging wine;
To Roupell's haſte, his Rev'rence there you'll view,
The confeſſor, and chaplain of the ſtew.—
But here, the Muſe contemptuous, quits the theme;
The hated ſubject and the hated name.

What thing is this ſo very ſpruce and trim,
So ſtrong of perfume, and ſo full of whim;
So full of geſture, and baboon grimace;
So deckt with trinkets, and ſo daub'd with lace?—
Peace! *Satire*, peace! nor nor dare inſult the *Sage*,
The tuneful Cic'ro of th' applauding age;
Since all things ſhew that human nature's frail,
Why, may not Cic'ro wear a monkey's tail?

If

If ancient Cic'ro o'er his ſhoulders threw,
A robe of ſcarlet, or of Tyrian blue,
Why may not modern Cic'ro, on his back,
To pleaſe his fancy, wear, a *miller's ſack?*
Or, if old Tully fond of female charms,
From buſineſs flew, to lov'd Terentia's arms;
Why mayn't young Tully with a gout as nice,
Fly to his nightly fav'rites, *Cards* and *Dice?*
What, tho' by theſe, his coffers become low,
And thouſands ſink, with one unlucky throw;
What need each ſurly Cit, each ſnarling elf,
Regret the loſs!—*He earn'd it all himſelf*;
Who, does not ſee, that honeſty, and truth,
Conduct his maxims, and adorn, his youth;
HEREDITARY TRUTH can Cic'ro boaſt
Tho' Tyburn ſhakes! tho' Ayliff's mournful ghoſt,
With pale uplifted hands, and doleful ſighs,
Inceſſantly, to Heav'n, for vengeance cries.

In theſe bad times, when virtue is not priz'd,
When merit's laugh'd at, and when worth's deſpis'd;
Baſking in partial Fortune's ſunny ray,
When *Vice*, and *Impudence*, outſtare the day;
When titled proſtitutes with hoarded gold,
For which their honours, and their ſouls they've ſold—

Can purchaſe from a vile abandon'd age
Smiles, which ſoft CHASTITY could ne'er engage;
Soft Chaſtity but half reveals her face
And gives to Impudence her rightful place.

With cautious modeſty, and motion ſlow;
See beautious A----m, dignifies the ſhew,
Not vainly conſcious of ſuperior charms;
Not wantonly affecting—*Love's alarms*;
Fair! as the Cyprian Queen, ſee A----m moves;
And, chaſte as Dian, in th' Arcadian groves.

From France our Heav'n-intended mortal foe,
We purchaſe folly, and we purchaſe woe;
Paints, patches, perfumes, wanton looks and ſighs,
And all the language of laſcivious eyes;
From France the hated pattern of the times,
May beautious C----n date her recent crimes;
—Why Britain's ſons to deeds of valour train'd!
Why, tamely view connubial honour ſtain'd?
Can Britiſh honour, fear *reflected power!*
Or put off vengeance, to a diſtant hour?
Degen'rate race, thy foes of late have found,
Britannia's honour, nought but empty ſound.

Come Muſe,—come Satire,—hear thy votry's call,
And on D- G----s let juſt reſentment fall—

Whether

Whether, poſſeſſed of ſtiffneſs, or of grace;—
Whether, a meaning, or unmeaning face;—
Whether in ſpring of youth, or ſummer's bloom,
Or whether mark'd with hoary winter's gloom—
—Of this ſeducer of Britannia's fair,
The dubious Muſe, cannot with truth declare.—
A ſolemn—ſprightly thing—both old and young,
Sometimes, loquacious; oft depriv'd of tongue;
A motley being ſure, as ere diſgrac'd,
Celeſtial Hymen, or his laws defac'd;
Hither exulting in his crime he walks,
Or *half a Prince*, and *half a Player*, *ſtalks*.

For once, eſcap'd from ſprightly gay Vauxhall,
Lo C--------r—and brother D----l;—
The *laſt* ſupremely bleſs'd, in erring life,
With the kind guidance of a *ſov'reign Wife*—
At theſe the Muſe, in pity ſhakes her head,
And bids them paſs, as things in nature dead:
Satire at theſe, ſuſpended holds the pen,
And ſaves his darts, for beings more like men.

As 'tis myſteriouſly decreed by Heaven,
All bodies, to which equal power is given,
Shall with impulſive ſympathy combine,
And into cloſe, coheſive contact, join;

So,

So, with involuntary force we find,
The *like* exiſting in the human mind.
—From the ſoft lap, of ſome *induſtr'ous dame*,
Whoſe lawns, and laces, but conceal her ſhame.
See F------h by old H-----g takes his place,
Equal in want of continence and grace;
The am'rous peer from recent dalliance flies,
And for new paſſions to this ſcence applies,
Midſt Beauty's daughters kindling new deſire,
To rouſe the embers of his dying fire.—

O Muſe aſſiſt me with thy ſofteſt lays,
Again, my lyre I ſtrike to beauty's praiſe;
Like Venus' ſelf, ſee C--p--t-r appears,
Delights my eyes, or charms my raviſh'd ears!
Bright as the ſtar! which ſhines at parting day,
And gladdens nature with its chearful ray:
Her face angelic, and her ſtep ſerene;
Her ſoft demeanour, and majeſtic mien;
All, all, to captivate the heart combine,
And make us doubt her—mortal, or divine!—
May ſhe e'er long, to ſome exalted youth
Reſign her charms, and conſecrate her truth;
May all her beauties unimpair'd remain,
And all her matron honours free from ſtain.

Pride

Pride of the North—Lo, elegant C-r--ſle!
On whom Apollo and the Muſes ſmile,
Whoſe early virtues ſhine benign in life,
Delight the world and bleſs a lovely wife;
No more deceiv'd by health-deſtroying vice,
By midnight revels, or *diſhoneſt* dice—
The illuſtrious deeds which mark'd thy patriot line,
Thyſelf ſhall imitate, and make them thine,
Reflecting back, if right the Muſe preſage,
The glories! lent thee by a former age.

From theme to theme—as accident ſupplies,
The chance-directed Muſe, muſt fall and riſe,
Muſt laſh the knave, the honeſt man applaud,
Muſt ſing the fool, the coxcomb, and the bawd.

As an old hen, from ſome ſnug farmer's ſtock,
(Proud of her charge) conducts her unfledg'd flock;
So yonder Bawd, precedes her infant train,
Proud of their charms, and of their conqueſts vain.—

" This *Thing*, My Lord, I *pickt* up in the ſtreet,
" Was ever any *Creter* half ſo ſweet,
" Not quite thirteen—her waiſt not near a ſpan,
" And—(whiſper)—ſhe was never touch'd by man,

" A GREAT! Weſt-India Merchant, wants the prize,
" And for her ———— would give his eyes;
" But ere I baulk a friend, or rob the nation
" Of ſuch a jewel, I'd burn his whole plantation.
" Good bye, My Lord—(whiſper)—when-e'er you pleaſe
" You know the houſe—my name is Ch----tte H-ys."

So the fat butcher, on his ſhamble ſhews,
The ſpotleſs lilly, and the blooming roſe;
Deſcribes each charm, with which his food's replete;
And tempts the hungry purchaſer to eat.—
With liq'rice eye, ſee G--ſ--n-r, views the toy,
And curſes impotence the bane of joy.—
Old F------h too with a laſcivious grin,
Surveys her tender frame, and *hopes* once more to ſin.

Shall thoſe to whom Omnipotence conſign'd
The charge divine! the care of human kind?—
Shall thoſe, whom Heav'n has bleſs'd with wealth and power,
Devote to indolence each fleeting hour?
Or with tumultuous zeal and reſtleſs ſtrife,
Purſuing ſhadows reach the goal of life:
Say, *guiding Juſtice*, ſhall not Satire's darts
Vindictive fly, at ſuch ignoble hearts?

In boots and ſpurs! and clothes be-dawb'd with mud,
As *off the Turf*, and midſt a fav'rite *ſtud*;

With

With ſtar pronouncing nothing leſs than peer;
In name of common ſenſe, whom have we here?
Why, he who more experienc'd and more bold,
Than Phœbus' ſon—raſh Phæton of old;
Can o'er the duſty courſe his ſteeds convey,
Himſelf as fiery! and as fleet as they—
Who like a Centaur moves, from morn to noon,
And then like Orpheus ſtrums a fav'rite tune,
Can *ſpring up three ſtairs*, or can *jump down five*,
With vigour ſtrong as any man alive,—
'Tis M---h whoſe fates will long ſurvive his days,
And be the theme of future poets praiſe.

See L---ſt-r's ſon, with dirt, a foul diſgrace
To R--h---d's ſiſter, and to L---ſt-r's race.
See noiſy P--n--g--n, on ſpindle ſhanks,
Subverting order midſt the peaceful ranks;
And ſee his brother with a ſoldier's eaſe,
Thruſting his noſe in ev'ry face he ſees.

O may the Gods grant princely L---ſt-r's heir,
When Hymen lights his torch, ſome *cleanly* fair;
Who from his limbs, may waſh th' unſeemly dirt,
And o'er his carcaſe throw a decent ſhirt.—
O may the powers who govern order's rules,
Who laugh at nonſenſe, and at noiſy fools;

Grant

Grant both the P--n--g--ns, a *little* grace,
And to my tortur'd ears a little peace.—

From vengeance ſcap'd! from juſt reſentment fled!
Lo rev'rend T---ſh--d, rears his vet'ran head!
Like praiſe in love and war, has T---ſh--d gain'd—
Witneſs, the beauteous *Prize* ſo late obtain'd,
Witneſs Quebeck—why frowns yon radient ſhade!
Of him, who there his ſacred aſhes laid?
Or why, averted flies ſoft Venus' dove,
As if offended, at unequal love;
The ſportive Muſe, ſelects this guileful dart,
To pierce more deeply into T---ſh--d's heart.
Oft have I known thee T---ſh--d, quit all care,
And deign to join a ſtupid drunken may'r;
When ſenſe and decency were bound in ſleep,
At Bacchus' ſhrine nocturnal orgies keep;
Diſgrace thy comelineſs, diſguiſe thy face,
With wretched anticks and with mean grimace—
—Come, T---ſh--d, come! to Satire's laſh conſign'd,
See pale Ierne! on her harp reclin'd;—
Read, in her injur'd face, thy guilty deeds,
From ev'ry pore, ſee pale Ierne bleeds!
Review, thoſe once contented ſmiling plains,
Where now fierce Want, and foul Rebellion reigns,

If,

If NEWENHAM's lov'd ofspring cry for bread
Their tears will rain down curſes on thy head.
If—when the tribe, which C--c--ſt-r's *fell ſteward*,
Conſign'd to want and perſecution's ſword,
(Urg'd by deſpair!) ſhall ſpurn at human laws;
And *ſeize on Food*, t' appeaſe their famiſh'd jaws:
Thy ſwarm of idle blood-hounds, ſhall furround
The half-ſtarv'd crew, and ſtretch them on the ground;
Will not their meagre ſhades, for vengeance call,
And point at thee as aiding to their fall!—
But P--cy comes! O—Muſe direct my verſe,
While gen'rous P--cy's virtues I rehearſe.

In ancient time, when love of fame inſpir'd
Each Britiſh breaſt; and ſacred courage fir'd;—
Great, in the council, foremoſt, in the field,
And eager firſt the patriot ſword to wield;
With dauntleſs hearts the daring foe to face—
Firſt of the land was P--cy's gallant race.
But now alas! when proud, imperious, Spain,
Diſputes our empire, o'er the ſubject main:
When our neglected friends in dungeons lie,
Or, under new-invented torments die;
O! dead to glory! loſt to conſcious ſhame!
To juſt reſentment, and to honeſt fame;

While Britain's foes, with ſecret joy can boaſt,
Her laurels blaſted, and her honours loſt.—
What can a ſcanty band, a patriot few,
To ſave, their much inſulted country do?
—Let them like *him* whom ev'ry virtue warms,
Whoſe worth endears—whoſe gentle manner charms;
Like him who nobly ſcorning *venal* power,
With *Independance lives*, each ſmiling hour;
Whoſe ſympathizing heart dilated knows,
The frequent bleſſings, which his hand beſtows.—
Like great N--th--b--l-nd employ their days,
And ſtill like him deſerve the poet's praiſe.

O! may the chaunting Muſe which late poſſeſs'd
Macpharſon's ſoul, and fir'd his ſacred breaſt,
Dardanian deeds, and thoſe of Greece to chime;
In ſlow cathedral numbers—ſcorning rhime.
Warm *my* cold verſe, direct my feeble pen,
To ſing yon firſt of heroes, and of men.

Gods, how erect! how noble, and and how tall,
Sir W--k-n moves—How! at the Joiners-Hall
Have I beheld him, in the bloom of life,
Sweat in the motley throng, a Chandler's wife!
Sweat till the patriot drops bedew'd the ground,
And caſt Arabian perfumes, all around!—

Gods,

Gods, how conſpicuous 'midſt the City Beaus,
Was *that* large bag; *thoſe* blue beſpangled clothes!
How graceful hung that ſword? how degagée,
That very ſword-knot dangling at his knee?

The Miſſes panting like ſo many mice,
Whiſper'd the panting dames—"*how very nice*;"
The panting dames return'd the fav'rite ſound,
And nought but *very nice* was whiſper'd round;
For each from powerful Love, receiv'd a powerful wound—
True to that honour'd badge, that graceful chain,
(Why ſmiles the Muſe? A Welchman can't be vain,)
The valourous Knight with City cares oppreſs'd,
Wears it *eternal* on his anxious breaſt.
True to his former friends and priſtine cauſe;
To City freedom, and to City laws:
Like old Cadwallader his deeds ſtill ſhine,
And ſpeak him of that monarch's race divine.
King of the craggy range! whoſe lofty top,
Not e'en the thunder-threat'ning clouds can ſtop,
Protect the hero, guard his *rev'rend* flocks!
And keep him ſteady—as his native rocks.—

See yonder Dame, with wantonneſs and pride,
Toſſing her giddy head from ſide to ſide;

Nor-

Nor can lamented G--ſ----r's fate reclaim,
Her thoughtleſs folly, or preſerve her fame.—
With ſmiles ſublime, reſembling Beauty's Queen,
Oft, has unhappy G--ſ----r, grac'd this ſcene,
But tho' the Cupids which around her flew,
Proclaim'd her charms,—they told her frailties too.
Oft like a *Comet* moving round its ſphere,
Have I beheld unhappy L-g----r;
Whoſe reſtleſs eyes with meretricious art,
Spoke the lewd feelings, of a wanton heart;
Heedleſs of honour, gratitude, or fame,
They both are ſunk in everlaſting ſhame,
Yet will unthinking L--e their ſteps purſue,
And keep her former noble friends in view.—
T---ſh--d retires! his cheek o'ercaſt with fears,
And ſee where graceful B--l---nt appears.

O! freedom's ſource, and life of mortal fame,
Whence heroes, and whence patriots borrow flame;
Whoſe Heaven-ſprung influence; whoſe ſupreme command,
Impell'd this youth to ſave a ſinking land.
Still in his manly breaſt, let thy pure blaze
Glow warm and vig'rous; all his happy days
Protect his honour! keep him evermore,
The pride and glory of his native ſhore.—

What

What pleaſing, gentle form, of ſtature low,
Moves in yon group and animates the ſhow;
'Tis ſhe, who ſoar'd beyond the ſettled rule,
Taught and adopted, by each fortun'd fool;
Deſpiſing *caſual*, *accidental* fame,
At Cupid's ſhrine to M----n chang'd her name.—

Reſerve, O Muſe reſerve, the ſcanty page,
Lo, yonder ſtands the CURTIUS of the age;
Curtius who to preſerve this gen'rous land,
'Gainſt Rabble Faction made a godlike ſtand—
Curtius who heedleſs of his ſoul or bones
O'erwhelm'd with curſes, and o'erwhelm'd with ſtones.—
At Brentford ſhew'd his breaſt in open light
And laugh'd at Rabble Faction's *fancied right*.

Hence *Irony!* vindictive Satire, come
Speak daggers now, or be for ever dumb.
Why ſhould the envy'd, Caladonean breed,
Stand charg'd *alone* with ev'ry treach'rous deed?
Or why with martyr'd Charles' death, ſhould Fame
Brand them *alone* with infamy and blame?
What infant, or what ideot, does not know
That *blood-hound*, Cromwell, ſtruck the impious blow;
And who but knows, when old miſguided James
(Juſtly alarm'd!) forſook the regal reins,

That Curtius' grandſire of deteſted name,
A TRUE HIBERNIAN! would have done the ſame:
That Curtius' grandſire ſold his beads, and maſs,
Betray'd his maſter, and RESIGN'D THE PASS,
—When long-expected vengeance ſure tho' late,
Met him in blood, and clos'd his mortal date;
The trembling turf of Aughrim's vernal plain,
Gave up the ghoſts, of thirty thouſand ſlain;
Who hov'ring o'er the ſpot where treaſon bled,
Approv'd the deed and ſmiling view'd the dead.
Enough of anceſtry, let Satire now,
'Gainſt Curtius' ſelf, bend his envenom'd bow.—

Thou Dupe, thou Pander, of an odious cauſe—
Thou great ſubverter of a nation's laws
To each unwarry maid, each hapleſs fair
Sure ſource of infamy and black deſpair;
Thou—with a face differing from all beſide,
Which nature gave thee to correct thy pride;
Reſign the buſkin, quit the martial ſpear,
And in Britannia's ſervice ne'er appear;
Fly! to ſome ſlaviſh land, ſome diſtant ſhore,
Where FREEDOM's Sons may never view thee more.

Satire, avert thy keen impartial laſh,
See S--d--h comes! be juſt, but be not raſh.

Hail

Hail Proſelyte—the friendly Muſe attend,
Who ſees with joy, 'tis ne'er to late to mend;
Hail S--d---h! who, when naval glory ſlept,
And indolence 'mongſt Neptune's ſons had crept;
When unchaſtiſed Spain exulting view'd,
Our ruin'd fleets—our trembling ſhips purſu'd;—
Prepar'd the ſlumb'ring terrors of the main!
To wipe from Britain's flag each hoſtile ſtain.

Thy active zeal Britannia's Sons avow,
And bind with NAVAL WREATHS thy honour'd brow.

But ſoft! the ſcene grows thin!—and ſudden gloom
O'ercaſts the luſtre of th' efulgent dome.

For lo! where N--th--b--l-nd's immortal Dame!
Whoſe life adorns the ſacred roll of fame;
Departs the ſhew, with *ev'ry* virtue bleſs'd;
To ſeek balſamic ſleep and peaceful reſt.

Thus when the ſilver Queen of Heaven retires,
The ſtars grow dull and loſe their pointed fires!

TO BE CONTINUED.

A POEM.

Hail Proselyte—the friendly Muse attend,
Who sees with joy, 'tis ne'er to late to mend;
Hail S--d---h! who, when naval glory slept,
And indolence 'mongst Neptune's sons had crept;
When unchastised Spain exulting view'd,
Our ruin'd fleets—our trembling ships pursu'd;—
Prepar'd the slumb'ring terrors of the main!
To wipe from Britain's flag each hostile stain.

Thy active zeal Britannia's Sons avow,
And bind with NAVAL WREATHS thy honour'd brow.

But soft! the scene grows thin!—and sudden gloom
O'ercasts the lustre of th' effugent dome.

For lo! where N--th--b--l-nd's immortal Dame!
Whose life adorns the sacred roll of fame;
Departs the shew, with *ev'ry* virtue bless'd;
To seek balsamic sleep and peaceful rest.

Thus when the silver Queen of Heaven retires,
The stars grow dull and lose their pointed fires!

TO BE CONTINUED.